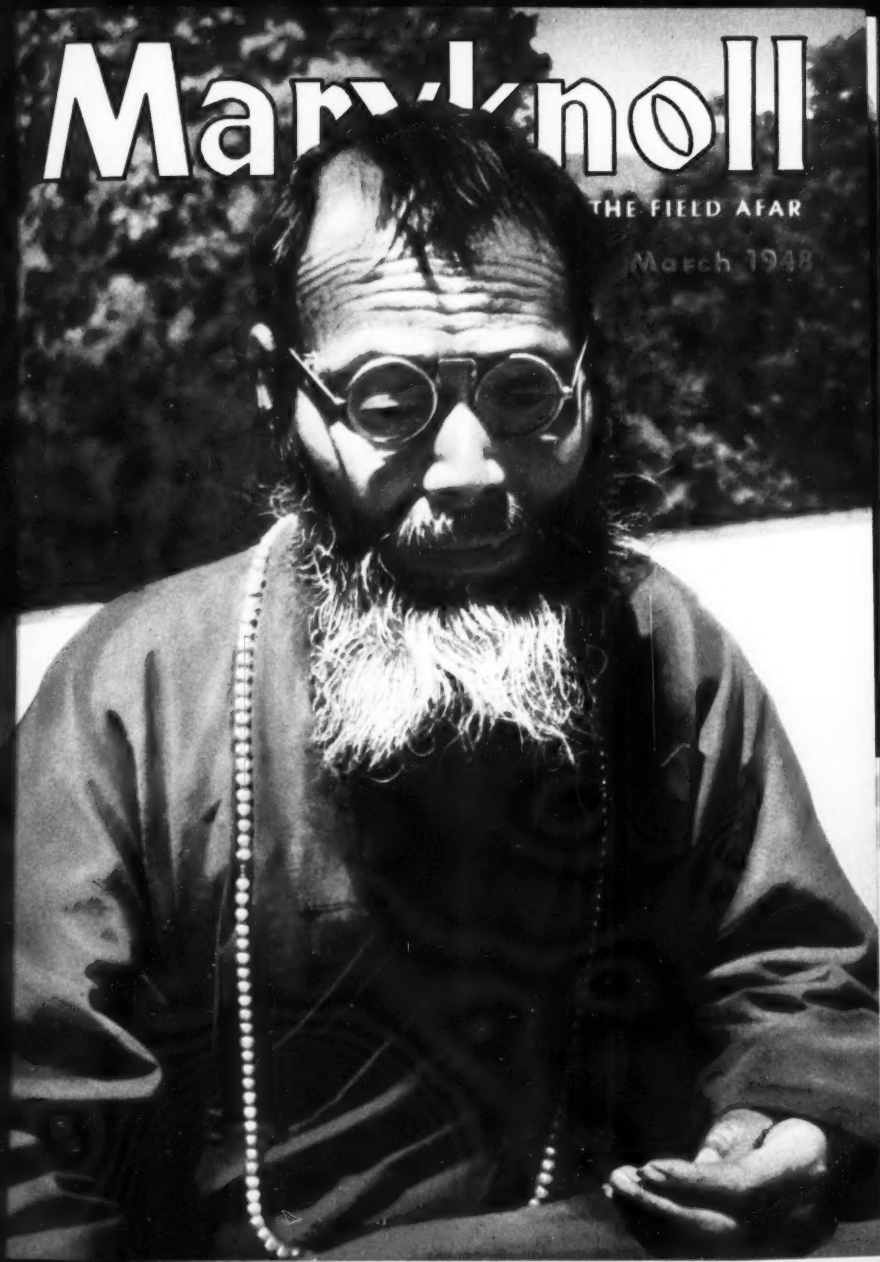
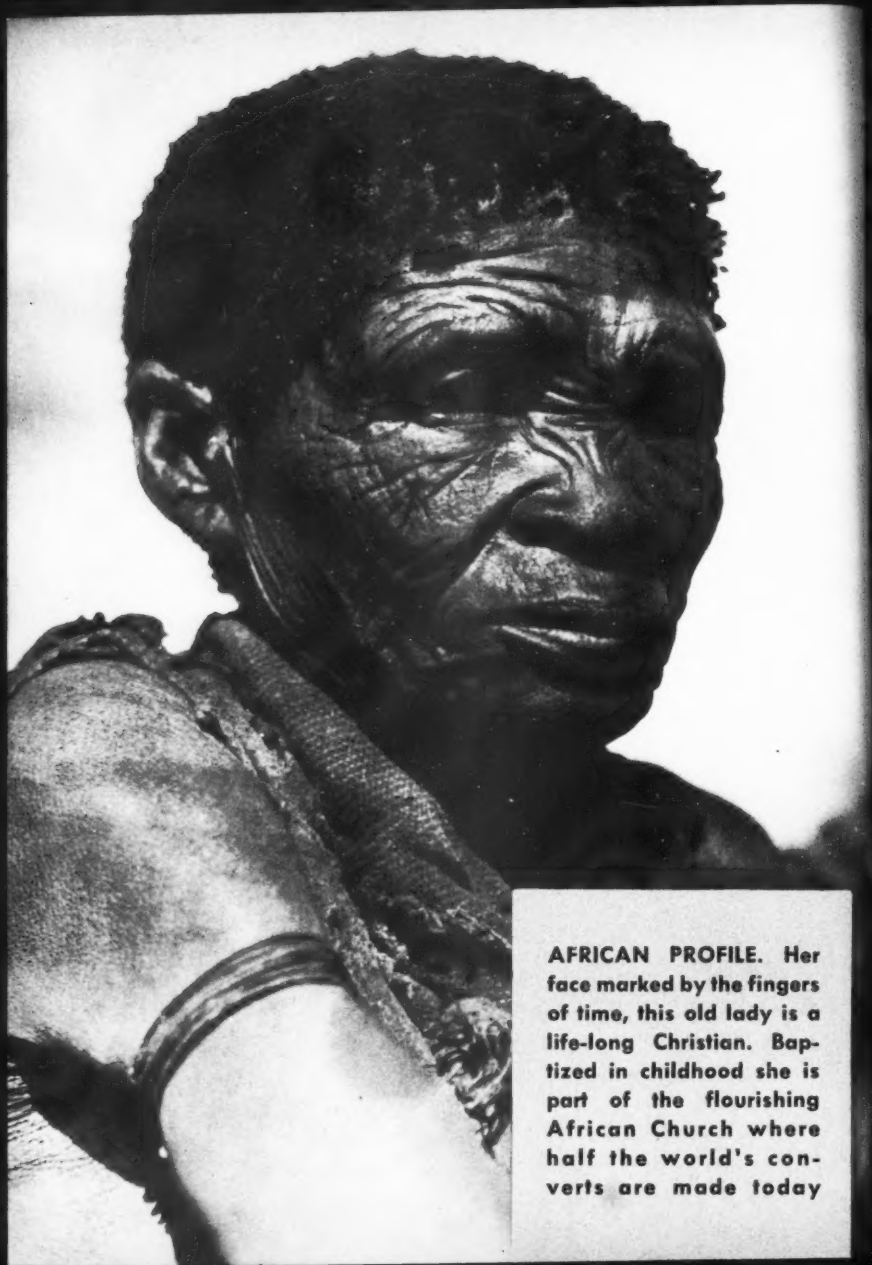


Marvknoll

THE FIELD AFAR

March 1948





AFRICAN PROFILE. Her face marked by the fingers of time, this old lady is a life-long Christian. Baptized in childhood she is part of the flourishing African Church where half the world's converts are made today





Bandits

ARE SUCH INTERESTING GUESTS

by Edward A. McGurkin



TOO BAD the Guest Book at Ch'a Kou (*pronounced Chah-go*) was lost. Maybe there never was a Guest Book; but there were guests — ever so many and so interesting. Port Arthur and Dairen lie at the southernmost tip of the Kwantung Peninsula, in Manchuria. If you were to take off from there and fly north with the crows, you would in a few minutes pass over the rocky-topped mountains of Chuang Ho Hsien and over the little village of Ch'a Kou.

Liu Ch'i K'ang came one day with his fast-shooting gang, the Manchurian counterpart of Jesse James

and Wildcat Kelly. The pastor, Father Armand J. Jacques (called Father Benny by his friends), told the curate to hide in his room and keep mum. The guests, entertained for a few moments by Father Jacques, decided to visit the whole house. The curate, remembering his instructions, gave no answer to their knock. They pushed the door off its hinges and went in. They were about to take their find to their hideout in the hills, when the pastor objected. The long process of palaver followed. But suddenly the banditti hiked off alone, because word had come that soldiers

were approaching at full gallop.

Hu Kuo, leader of another hard-riding outlaw gang was another occasional caller at our mission. One day he was in the village looking for guns. Annoyed at lack of success, he seized the buxom housewife of a well-to-do farmer, who was said to be "in the know," and set about extorting information. He literally put the woman on the gridiron when, after having removed the rice

caldron from the fire, he seated her on the low Manchu stove. Robin Hood would never have done that!

It's a pity that the signatures of those two gentlemen have been lost. Their unchivalrous conduct was bound to lead to an early and unpeaceful end — and that's what happened.

Wang Pao San was another visitor. Sharp-eyed like the rest, he was withal of a gentler type. One fact to his credit was that he was a patriotic objector and aimed to stem the Japanese invasion by decimating the invaders' man power.

All these visitors prized their friendship with Chia Shen Fu — Father Benny Jacques. This pastor in the Ch'a Kou hills, with his million-dollar smile and a superhuman application of prudence and soft soap, succeeded in remaining on good terms with them all.

Later Father Jacques was in the

little market town of Ch'ing Tui Tzu. There he had a bell-ringing school teacher who used to tramp the town and outlying villages, telling the people about the Lord of Heaven's religion, showering them with colored leaflets, and inviting them to call on the Spiritual Father from America.

The result: Father Jacques' little shanty was always bulging with guests. Many of them were later baptized, and the Church in the little town grew

from nothing to a zealous community of two or three hundred Christians.

Among these guests was Mr. Bih, once an army officer, later a teacher, always a connoisseur of ethical systems. His visits were almost daily. He brought his friends and his family. His wife, mother, children, and friends were baptized; but the unfortunate Mr. Bih had something in common with the late Henry VIII, and it always proved a stumbling block for him. During the Japanese occupation he served a prison term and passed on to his prison mates all that he had learned about Father Chia's religion. The many friends he directed to the right path will surely repay Mr. Bih.

Frequent guests at the mission were the police and the military — Japanese. Finally, on the night of December 8, 1941, they came, a dozen strong. They arrived after midnight, and Father Jacques was

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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already in slumberland. The Japanese awakened him and invited him, with guns, to the police station. Thus the Guest Master of Ch'a Kou and Ch'ing Tui Tzu became the interned and concentrated guest of His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado. In that capacity the Maryknoller remained for three and a half years.

The war ended, and the Russian occupation brought a new type of guest. The new guests were a source of worry; they had a surprise in every move. Captain Sogolov, technician from Moscow, drafted into the Subaikal Motorized Army, lived at the mission for two months. He paid his board — in kind and entertainment. He was an atheist who tolerated other men's beliefs. He came to the mission night prayers, and he burned joss sticks in Buddhist temples, all to show his liberal mind. His cult, after vodka, was progress.

Then came the Chinese Communists. Their headquarters were only a few paces from Father Jacques' compound. The army officers, some of whom spoke excellent English, were frequent visitors.

Then came the Chinese Nationalists. A company of mountain artillery sometimes rested under the mission

trees. Their artillery pieces were American, and those tight-mouthed graduates of the American military academy were taken off their feet when the Padre explained how their guns were dismantled and distributed over seven mules.

Three unexpected guests walked in on the Padre last October. They were Maryknoll Fathers, the relief sent to allow wartime missionaries to return to America for furlough.

Back in the States, Father Jacques continues to receive letters from his Manchu friends. One came recently from an oldtime guest of the Ch'a Kou: timberline; a gun-totin' outlaw whose vocation for years had been to distribute headaches among the Japanese. He wrote:

"Dear Father; I heard that you had gone back to America. It is so many years since I have not seen you. Remember when I stole into the concentration camp at Ssu P'ing Kai to have a talk with you? I think I'd like to join up with the American Army. You know what I can do on horseback, and you also know my shooting eye. Put in a good word for me, Father.— Ever, with endless affection and fathomless esteem, Yours, Wang Pao San."



Jacaltenango - - - the Wonder Valley

A glimpse of Guatemala's Shangri-La

by Leo J. Sommer

Jacaltenango! To a North American, it is a mouthful of syllables; to a Latin American, it is a melodious name; to five thousand Mayan Indians of Guatemala and to Father Paul J. Sommer, it is home. For forty thousand Indians who live in the fairyland valley about this extraordinary town, Jacaltenango is their parish center. Father Paul Sommer is their pastor, their one and only priest, who serves them, no matter how winding and remote the mountain trails on which they dwell.

Last summer I went to Guatemala to visit my brother, and thus I got a glimpse of the wonder valley in which he labors. The journey is one of several days on horseback from Huehuetenango (which is the center for the Guatemala Maryknollers), through Soloma and San Miguel. On

the third day the trail leads over the Cumbre de San Marcos. Suddenly a great valley opens before the eye — a scene of beauty to take one's breath away. Far on the opposite slope, on a table of mountain set in green grandeur, appears Jacaltenango. It takes two hours and a half for the horses to descend.

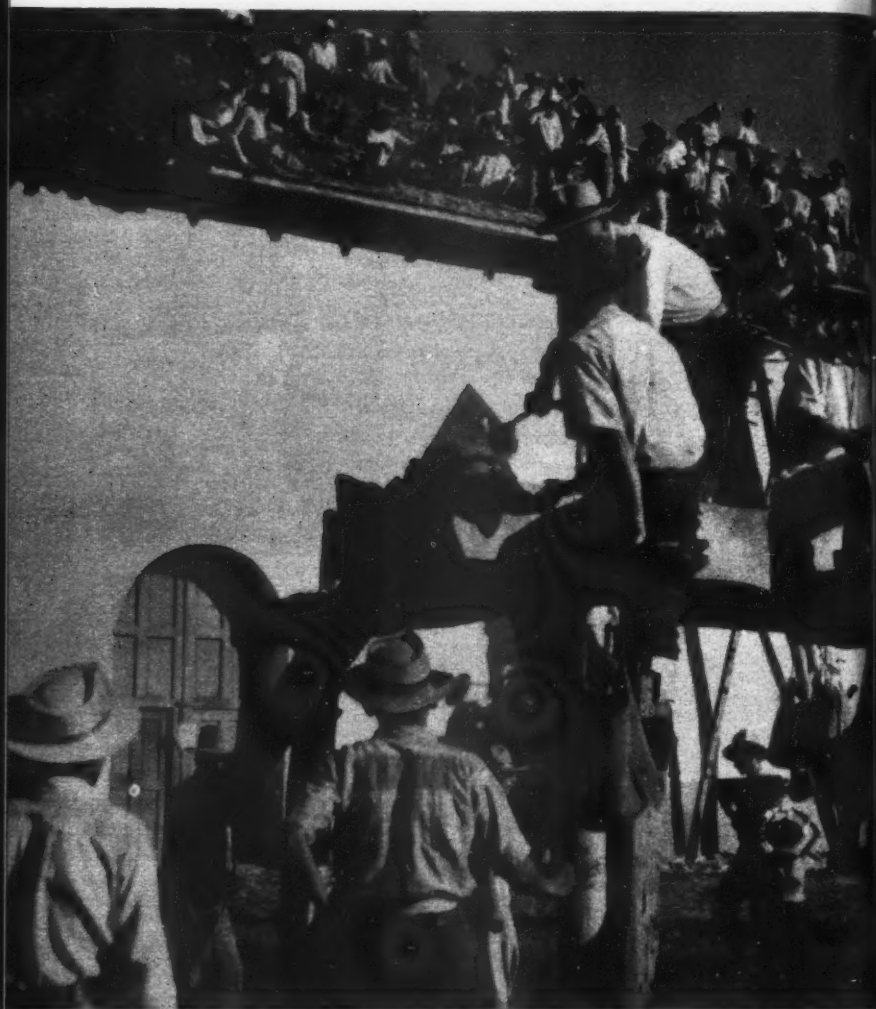
The people are simple country folk: farmers, potters, weavers, plantation workers. They lack any extensive formal education. But they are very evidently a superior strain of men, with excellent dispositions, deep insight, and a mental acumen that we are accustomed to attribute to university graduates. One gets the feeling that they are people who meditate and come naturally upon an appreciation of God and His handiwork. Their religion is not a matter of routine or of selfish self-seeking. To worship the Creator is for them an integral part of life.

The priest in Jacaltenango not only is accepted by his people: he is strongly appreciated and loved. "I have more consolations than any other missionary in the world," says my brother.



Bravo and Sora are the two very much petted dogs of Father Paul Sommer, pastor of Jacaltenango with its 40,000 souls in Guatemala's wonder valley.

CONTINUED →



The Jacaltecos repair the roof of their pueblo church. On a ladder scaffolding, scores of hands form a "tile brigade." First, the tile are passed from the roof

to
tile



Wonder People

The remarkable thing about the Jacaltecs is their easy familiarity with their pueblo church, a massive Spanish colonial structure at the northern end of town. The church is crowded with a congregation of about fifteen hundred each Sunday for Mass. On every First Friday, there is a tremendous turnout, and hundreds of persons receive Holy Communion. May devotions are well attended, every afternoon at four o'clock; and October devotions are equally popular. On *fiestas* here, there is very little of the carousing that mars such occasions in most of rural Latin America. Our Lady of Candlemas is the local feast day, and it is a glorious occasion. For the Feast of Corpus Christi, there is a two-hour procession to three chapels, one of which is located at a dramatically beautiful spot high above the pueblo and the valley. On the Feast of the Precious Blood, there is all-day exposition, with hundreds of worshippers present every hour. For the Assumption, the church is decorated with gorgeous flowers and crepe streamers. September's great day is the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. On All Souls' Day, High Mass is said in the cemetery, before a large congregation that gathers there as in an amphitheater.

to the ground; then, with repairs made, the tile journey back from the ground to the roof.

CONTINUED →



Each village has its distinctive type; this is a neighbor at Todos Santos



A goat herder calls his flock on a lovely mountain side in the valley

Success

Success heaps mountains of failure on the priest at Jacaltenango. From the pueblo itself and from a score of villages in the surrounding valley, the calls upon the Padre are so numerous that to meet them is a physical impossibility.

"Pray for three things," asks Father Paul Sommer, my brother. "First, that we may develop vocations from among our many local boys of promise; secondly, that more American priests will come — a score of them; thirdly, that the Jacaltecos will preserve their peerless piety."

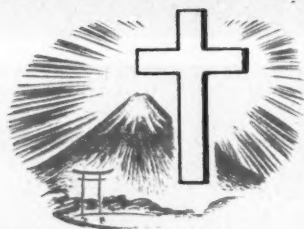


Juanita makes a picture as she trudges to the well for a jug of water



American sports keep the young bloods crowded around the Padre (in cassock), Father Paul Sommer, who has a visitor (left), Brother Felix of Huehuetenango

Imagine this in Japan



Kyoto University teaches Catholic philosophy

by John C. Murrett

The Kyoto (Imperial) University recently announced the establishment of a Chair of Catholic Philosophy. Courses under a Catholic priest began in that ancient capital's center of education in September, 1947.

Shortly after the war ended, a group of Japanese scholars — most of them followers of Professor Tokuruyu Yamanouchi, Dean of Philosophy at Kyoto University — decided to turn their backs on Subjectivism and Idealism, and go straight to the Realism of Aristotle, as explained and interpreted by Saint Thomas Aquinas. Those scholars realized that the collapse of pre-war Kantian and Hegelian movements in Japanese universities made such a change advisable.

In October, 1945, Father Vincent M. Pouliot, O.P., was approached by Professor Yamanouchi, and asked to give his help in leading Kyoto students into the arcana of Thomistic Philosophy. Father Pouliot had matriculated as a research student in Kyoto University in April, 1941, but was prevented by the outbreak of war from pursuing his studies.

Negotiations were happily concluded with the University authorities, a seminar was organized, and

the Chair of Medieval Philosophy became a possibility. One month later (November, 1945) the first meeting of the newly organized Saint Thomas Research Society was held, and the members unanimously decided to undertake the translation of the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas. Meetings were held regularly every week for the next two years; the work of translation, article by article, question by question, steadily progressed. The first eighteen questions of *Pars Prima* have been put into an editor's hands and are soon to be published.

This tremendous task, seriously and critically undertaken by scholars of the Kyoto University, was an innovation that gave great promise for the future. All who became interested in medieval studies could not but hope that soon the University would establish a Chair dedicated exclusively to the study of Medieval History and Philosophy. Those Japanese scholars were sufficiently enlightened to realize that a great gap existed between Plotinus and Descartes, and they were no longer satisfied with the contention of narrow-minded historians who wave away more than a thousand years of

European history with the words, "Dark Ages!"

Despite their laudable interest, those scholars were but the precursors of an amazing prestige that was being attached to Catholic culture in new Japan. Circumstances warranted going much farther: to those scholars, a

Chair of Scholastic Philosophy in the Kyoto University seemed to be the fitting goal at which they should aim.

Obviously, the first step in this regard would be to find a donor, for the expense would be at least three hundred thousand yen. Moreover, the donor must be a man without the reproach of having made his wealth through war profiteering; he must be under no suspicion.

With the aid of his friends, it did not take Father Pouliot long to find the desired "angel." Mr. Shikaji Hiraki—not a Catholic, but a devout Buddhist—realized that the best contribution he could make to the rebuilding of a worthy Japan, would be to help it benefit by Catholic teaching, Catholic culture, and especially Catholic defense against communism. Mr. Hiraki gladly agreed to donate the necessary funds.

The next step was to get the University's consent. By a Providential coincidence, there came to the University at that time a commission of American educators, invited by General MacArthur to survey Japanese education and make recommendations. Two Catholics on

this committee were Monsignor Hochwald, National Secretary of the Catholic Education Association, and Doctor Deferrari, of the Catholic University, Washington. Doctor

YOU MAY WISH

a fitting memorial for your beloved ones. A room in a Maryknoll seminary with a plaque bearing the name will remind the occupant to pray daily for your beloved deceased. Offering \$500.

Deferrari readily agreed to broach the subject when meeting the University authorities, and he did so promptly. In his turn, the President of the University welcomed the idea of a Chair of Catholic Philosophy.

There remained the formality of getting approval from the national Ministry of Education, in Tokyo. Happily, the Minister of Education strongly endorsed the proposal of Kyoto University. Finally, on May 5, 1947, (feast of Saint Pius), the Chair of Thomistic Philosophy was duly established. Father Pouliot was appointed Professor of Catholic Philosophy—the first priest to teach Philosophy in Kyoto University.

My Boy Abraham

ABRAHAM wins the gold medal for interest in our parish library. He is a youngster in an Indian family that has been fighting shy of the Church. Today Abraham brought the whole caboodle of his brothers and sisters to visit the library, and immediately he became absorbed in a big tome. Evidently his idea was to give a good example—for when I glanced over his shoulder, I found that he was reading the book upside down! — *Father J. Gerard Green, Mexico*

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER



Thirty years ago a foreign-mission vocation was practically unheard-of in our country. Those who recall the days before the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was established in every diocese can attest to the meagerness of information about missions. That conditions have changed is due in great part to the fine work of the Propagation Directors.

I remember as a boy in the seventh grade having heard a mission talk by Father James Anthony Walsh. That was in 1906, when Father Walsh was Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society in Boston. His simple but effective words sowed the first foreign-mission seed in my mind.

Later, while attending St. John's School in Danvers, I heard Father Walsh again. I remember also having listened to Father Conrardy, then in charge of the celebrated leper colony on Sheklung Island, in South China. Because those talks made such a deep impression on me, I am a convinced believer in the importance of letting school boys see and hear priests who speak for the world apostolate.

Once stirred by the desire to be a missionary, how should a young man proceed? I can well ask that question

Notes by Bishop Raymond A. Law
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL

because I recall vividly what wrestling of the spirit I experienced when the idea came to me. Although in the fourth year of high school, I was completely at sea as to what steps to take to carry out my desire. The obvious one of speaking to the pastor never occurred to me. I pored over whatever Catholic literature I could find, but to no avail.

One memorable day the *Boston Pilot* brought me the solution. It carried a little item, "American Priests to Found Foreign Mission Seminary." In wild excitement I clipped the notice from the paper in the school library. For a long time afterwards, I carried the item in my pocket, as my precious guide to buried treasure.

How different are things today! Now every boy and girl in school is reminded at least once a year to consider serving Christ as a missionary. Numerous mission societies train priests, Brothers, and Sisters to go overseas, and thousands of Americans are at work in the mission fields of the world. Catholic America has passed the brick-and-mortar stage and is assuming its full responsibilities in the world Church.

+ *Raymond A. Law*



NO ARTIST COULD PAINT THIS!

This picture tells the tragedy of China's war areas. With his wife and children dead, his home destroyed, this farmer can no longer contain his grief. His last worldly possession, a horse, nibbles sparse, dry grass, unaware of the misery surrounding his master.



WE CALL ON THE KING

by Louis I. Bayless

**An African ruler gave Father Bayless
a one-gun salute and the missionary
took home a live hen**

AT EIGHT-THIRTY in the morning, 275 boys, under the direction of teachers, marched off to Egenge, about five miles from our mission. At the head of the long line were the Union Jack and the school flag, waving in the gentle breeze. Then came the band — drums, flutes, and bugles. The other school boys followed. Last of all behind the line of bobbing black heads, walked several schoolteachers, two other natives from the mission, and your humble servant. Fathers Van Riel and Collins planned to leave a little later.

Fortunately it was not too warm. My white cassock and sun helmet proved to be very comfortable. After following a foot path, which led up hill and down dale for two hours, we came in sight of the village of

Egenge, near the lake shore. One of the Christians, Simoni, joined us and offered to take Father's walking stick, according to the native custom.

The line of march came to a halt before entering the village. The band re-formed because it had broken ranks on the way and the other boys got in line, after a little pushing and shoving. Then, with colors flying and to the tune of beating drums, whining flutes, and blaring bugles, we advanced toward our destination.

At the entrance of the village, King Musira came out to meet us, a white gown, a white coat with brass buttons, a red fez, and brown shoes. Three of his men accompanied him, and one, who was armed, fired two shots into the air as a salute. The King and his men reviewed the file of boys, and then gave the teachers

and myself a special salute — an unexpected touch of pomp.

His highness invited us into his house. It is a one-room structure with a thatched roof, mud walls, and a sandy floor. In the center of the room stood a table, on which were four cups and a pot of hot tea. After dismissing the others, the King told me to be seated, and we drank together. It was an unexpected experience to be the guest of the leader of the Bakwayas. Since His Highness could not speak

English, I struggled along as best I could with the little Bakwaya that I knew. I explained that the other Fathers were on their way, and inwardly I prayed that those wayward companions of mine would arrive.

At noon Father Van Riel arrived alone, on foot. Shortly after Father Van Riel arrived, the King and the group of us went to the playing field where the boys marched in review, sang native songs, and went through a calisthenics drill to the rhythm of their band. The King made a short

speech, in which he explained a few of the songs that had been sung.

Everyone then returned to the village, and the guests sat down to a delicious dinner. The courses consisted of soup, steak and kidneys, sweet potatoes and cauliflower. The

meal concluded with custard and tasty little cakes. It is the custom here for guests to eat alone; when they have finished, the host takes his meal. Meanwhile, outside the hut, the boys were eating tremendous quantities of

PRAYERS, PLEASE



WILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick.....	825
Persons deceased.....	45,646
Persons in the services.....	282
Other special intentions.....	1,654

meat, mush, and sweet potatoes. I appreciated all the more the great lengths to which the King and his servants had gone to provide a European meal for us.

After dinner the schoolboys played a soccer game for the King, who enjoyed it as much as they did. Two Christians asked if one of the Fathers would be so kind as to bless their homes. I was chosen to do the honors; and when I had finished blessing the second man's abode, in gratitude the native gave me a live hen.

Gandhi and the Lepers — "If aiding the lepers is so dear to the missionaries, particularly the Catholic missionaries, it is because there is no other service which requires greater spirit of sacrifice. Working in a leper asylum demands the highest ideals and the most perfect abnegation. The world of politics and journalism can point to few heroes who compare with Father Damien of Molokai. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, counts by thousands those who, after the example of Father Damien, have vowed themselves to the service of the lepers. It is worth inquiring into such heroism."—*Mahatma Gandhi.*

MEET OUR MAYAS



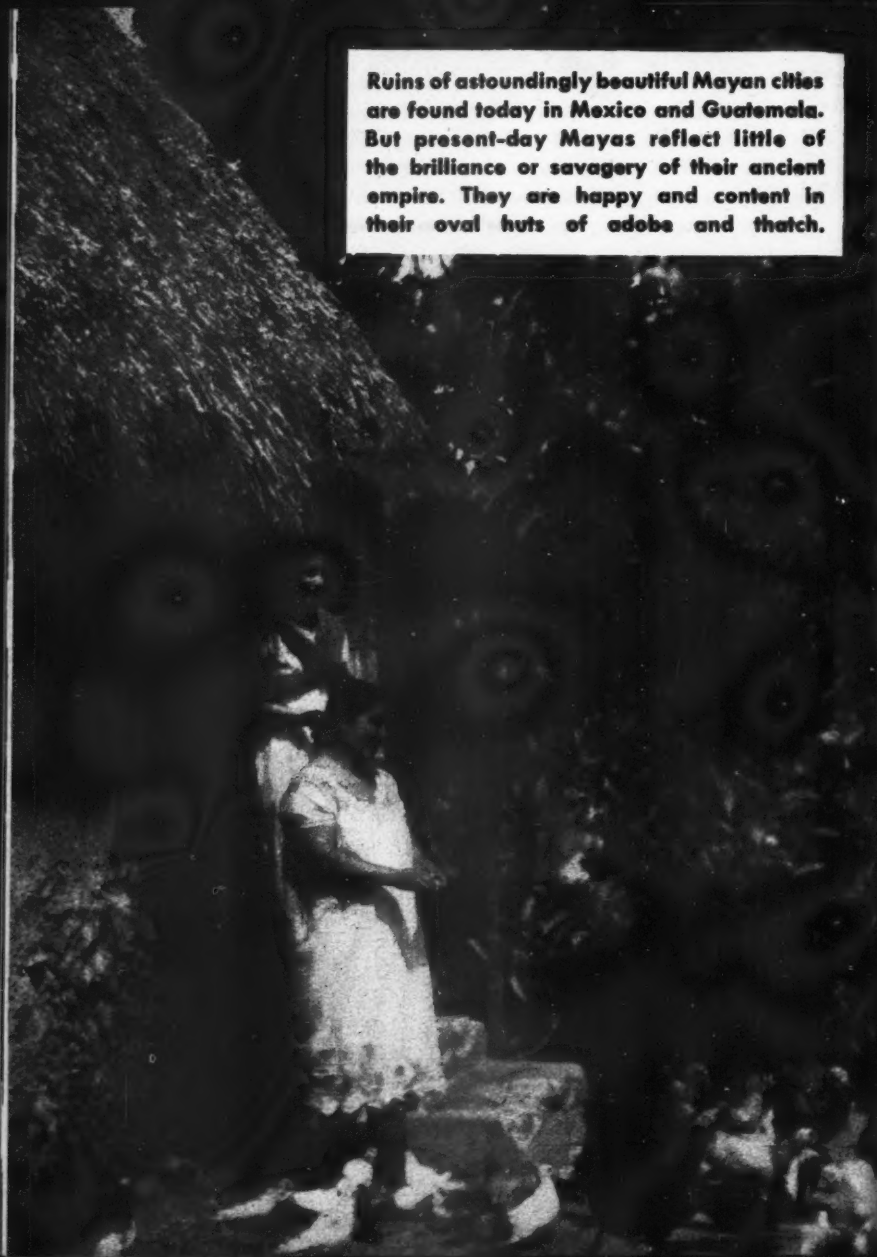
Today's Mayas, descendants of the greatest ancient civilization in the Americas, are good-humored Indians who delight in such Maryknollers as Father Leo T. Connors.



(Above) Father Vincent P. Mallon with Mayas. (Below) Father Robert E. Lee quizzes a circle of youngsters in a pole hut of the Quintana Roo jungle forest.



Ruins of astoundingly beautiful Mayan cities are found today in Mexico and Guatemala. But present-day Mayas reflect little of the brilliance or savagery of their ancient empire. They are happy and content in their oval huts of adobe and thatch.



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Carrillo Puerto is a tiny pueblo in the heart of the jungle. It is the base for work among scattered Mayas throughout the forest. Father John R. McGuire displays his altar boys, who are not always so cherubic.

(Below) Father George F. Hogan says Mass on the shore, during a journey through the chewing-gum country. Chicle, the main ingredient of gum, is bled from sapodilla trees. Father Hogan visits the chicle camps.



IT WAS MARUJA, a sallow little Indian girl, who introduced me to the Ecuadorian version of "live and let live."

To thwart an impending invasion of tropical ants, the Padres had insisted that Maruja place the sugar bowl in a soup plate half filled with water. Maruja smiled at first, for she did not think that an imitation medieval moat would halt the ubiquitous ants. It was several days before she realized that the ants could not swim. One morning I found Maruja carefully sprinkling sugar on the outer rim of the soup plate.

Caught by surprise, the little girl tugged one of her long black pigtailed in embarrassment and asked, "You do not want the ants to starve?"

Our houseboy has a special tenderness for spiders. One day I suggested that he clear away some spider webs that had been annoying me for weeks. Reluctantly he obeyed. As he was

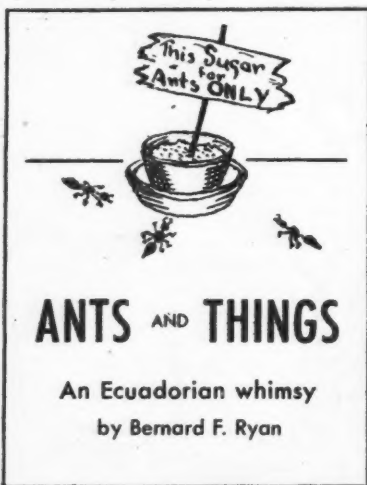
finishing, a spider left the web and darted across the floor.

"I won't kill him," the houseboy said in anticipation of my request, "even if I lose my job! You have screens and nets to protect you against mosquitoes, but the spiders protect me and my people!"

The allies of the spider in the war against mosquitoes are the bat and lizard. I have not become a friend of bats yet, but I am fond of lizards, especially the one that rules our front screen. As he lives near the porch light, he has many insects to choose from, for his meals.

In the early days of our acquaintance, I feared that my friend, the lizard, might become too fat, but an evil day was in store for him. An official at the agricultural experimental station kindly sent us some prepared DDT. In a few hours the cockroaches, the ants, and even the two mice, in the Quevedo rectory had turned up their toes. For three months afterwards, on the screen that had been the banquet table of Mr. Lizard, there were no insects. Not even Mr. Lizard was there. He returned after the DDT lost its strength. He had survived the purge, but he was very thin. And he seemed to doubt that the good old days would ever return.

According to the rules of our people, who live close to nature, wild life must prove its claim to protection. Once that has been done, no government legislation is needed to preserve that life. Snakes and malarial mosquitoes have not yet proved their worth, and so they are condemned to death because they only injure their master, man.





Confucius....

A Chinese named Brian
looks for Saint Patrick

by John Romaniello

A man dressed in the blue garb of the official class sat in the parlor.

"My name is Mr. Wong," he greeted me. "I am magistrate of Ku Hua County, one hundred miles west of Kweilin. I saw your sign 'Catholic Mission' as I was passing and decided to stop in and tell you a story.

"One evening, in Ku Hua, I entered the Hopeful Peace Restaurant. I saw three foreigners sitting together, dressed in the American Army uniform. I invited those foreigners to my table. Only one of them do I remember now; he was Lieutenant O'Toole, a young man, clean shaven, with a pleasant smile.

"Lieutenant O'Toole made such an impression on me that I invited him to visit my home the following evening. We became great friends — so much so that he insisted on giving me a new name. While I am not an Irishman, as you can plainly see, all my friends now know me by that new name: they call me Brian Wong.

"One evening the lieutenant said to me, 'Brian, what China needs is a Saint Patrick.'

"But we have Confucius," I replied.

"Yes, but Confucius never finished his job, as St. Patrick did!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It's this way, Brian, my lad. Confucius taught the good Chinese people the practical use of reason. But reason is not enough to make a complete man: it is necessary to crown reason with faith. That is what Saint Patrick did for the Irish. Suppose you saw a man wearing a swallow-tailed coat and no top hat. You would think he looked silly, wouldn't you? Well, that's what a man looks like when he has reason without faith."

"But what faith?" I asked.

"The lieutenant waved his hand.

"Why, the Catholic Faith!"

"Shortly after, Lieutenant O'Toole left Ku Hua. I have thought much on his words. Will you come and be our Patrick?"



....and Lt. O'Toole



Who Will Open the Door?

“THERE IS NO ROOM!”—harsh words were these to the Holy Family. If only the world had known! Today some others who wish to serve Christ are hard pressed for room.

We know! Maryknoll is “bulging at the seams”! Our seminaries are overcrowded. Space must be provided for the ever-increasing number of young men blessed by God with priestly vocations.

To whom can we turn in this hour of need?

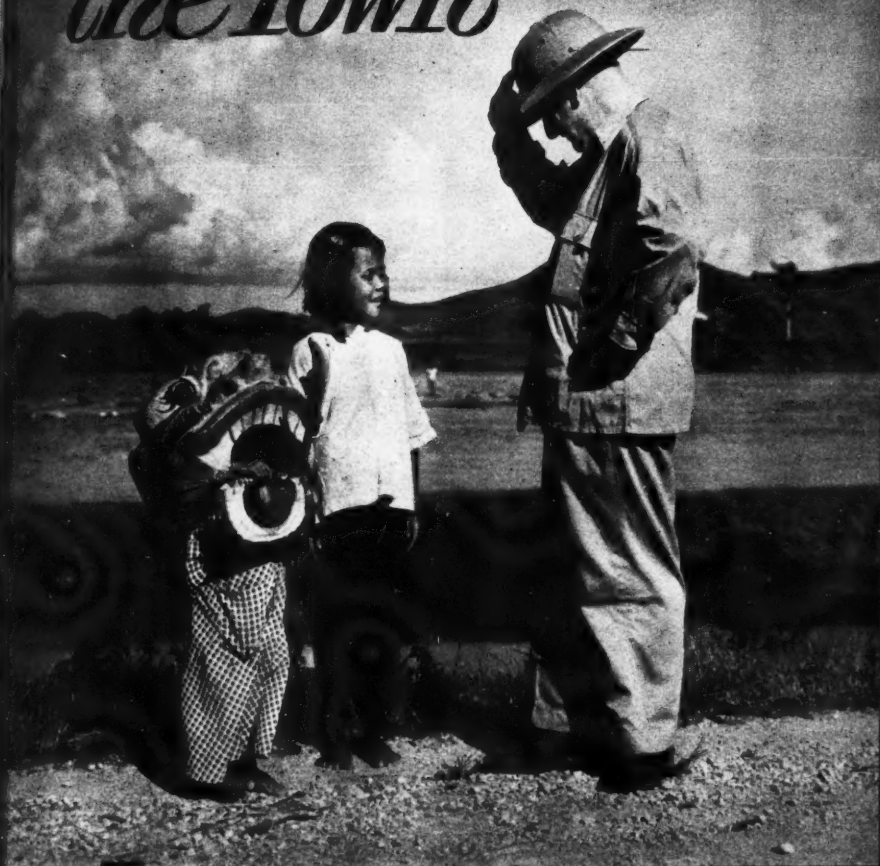
To you, our friends, the same persons to whom Joseph and Mary would turn today if they were walking the earth. You have kept our missionaries on the move in search of souls for thirty years. We always remember that wherever we have a mission, you built that mission! Wherever we have a seminary, you built that seminary!

Today the fields are “ripe for the harvest.” The future laborers are knocking at our door. We must not turn them away for lack of room. We feel that you will answer their knocking by helping us to build our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago. We have the grounds and the architect’s plans for the building. We have no money of our own; we have used yours always. Only with your financial assistance, shall we be able to assure our future apostles that there will be “room in the inn” for them.

Please address contributions to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

"All Around the Town"



Father Anthony J. Paulhus was a curate in the Church of Notre Dame, in Fall River, Mass., when he joined Maryknoll. For a quarter of a century, he has been making friends in Kongmoon, South China. The two tykes above are showing him their dragon-head mask for Chinese New Year festivities. ➡



IN OUR ALLEY

Long years of good neighborliness in times of peace, and of generous charity in times of calamity and war have won Father Paulhus many loyal friends among the families that live near him in Kongmoon. His section of China suffered from the Japanese long before Pearl Harbor. Then, with Bishop Paschang, his superior, Father Paulhus helped organize a rice line that fed a thousand refugees a day. During the war Father Paulhus was captured by the Japanese and interned in Macao; later he escaped to Free China.





Kongmoon is on the West River delta, near Hong Kong and travel to many of the missions is by boat. Father Paulhus knows well the sampan people.



In the South China coastal country, misery is rampant. Often on his walks Father Paulhus meets a sufferer whom he helps at the mission dispensary.

Father
boy

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alks
ary.



Father Paulhus is rector of the Kongmoon preparatory school where Chinese boys study before entering the seminary. Even wash day is on the schedule.



Promising boys come to Kongmoon from many of the near-by mission station and Father Paulhus trains them in the culture of both China and the West.



The city of Canton is near Kongmoon. Father Paulhus is taking Bishop Fourquier, of Canton, to a river junk after his visit to the Maryknollers.

"Unclean! Unclean!"



FROM BOLIVIA, BISHOP ESCALANTE WRITES:

"There is a colony of about a dozen lepers in a place called Agua Dulce. That is distant four hours by launch on the Amazon River. These lepers have told us of many more in the Indian villages scattered throughout the region. Many lepers have been coming to us for help, so I have appointed Father Gallagher to take care of their needs. He has made quite a number of visits to these afflicted people scattered through the jungle."

"Recently we noticed that the lepers' sores were breaking out again because of lack of promin. There is very little of it here; we wired all over Bolivia in the effort to secure some. Through a friend I am getting a year's supply from the United States. It will come by boat, and it will cost about \$500."

"The medical work for the lepers will be under the direction of Sister Mercy. I plan to build a chapel and a school; and to buy some property, so that each leper family may take care of its own home and garden. For this we need the following:

One year's supply of promin.....	\$500
Land for leper colony.....	\$500
School and community house.....	\$2,000
Teacher and medical practitioner (year).....	\$900
Outboard motorboat for priest's weekly visits (with maintenance for a year).....	\$1,000
Dispensary, with upkeep one year.....	\$1,700

"Thus, for a little under \$7,000, we shall be able to establish a leper colony for the people of our area. There has been for the past few years an unofficial promise on the part of the Government, to do something for the lepers. If this promise materializes later, we should get back much of the sum we plan to expend."

Those who find it in their hearts to pity the afflicted Indians of Bolivia will be doing more than helping the lepers. They will protect thousands of jungle dwellers who are exposed to the most dreadful of all ills because there is as yet no established refuge in which lepers can be segregated.

Please address contributions to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

Higher Levels

When General MacArthur accepted the surrender of Japan, in Tokyo Bay, he made a little speech in which he said that the peace of the world is a theological problem, and one that will have to be solved on the spiritual plane. Most reflecting people will agree with him. If experience means anything, the real need of the world, and of every single soul in it, is the need of spiritual strength, of moral fiber, of goodness.

Another statement, by a far greater authority, records the same viewpoint. "I know that there dwelleth not in me," wrote Saint Paul, "that is to say, in my flesh, that which is good . . . For the good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do . . . I am delighted with the law of God according to the inward man. But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, which is in my members. Unhappy man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (*Rom. vii: 18-24*).

Saint Paul answers his own question adequately and at once and forever. "The grace of God by Jesus Christ our Lord," is the solution he gives; and nobody with any sense of truth or reality will ever find or propose any other. This solution is the answer to the greatest of all puzzles: How to make men strong and how to keep men good throughout the trials of human life, in spite of their own natural weakness and in the midst of misery and sin. It is the recipe for the reconstruction of all men and of every man.

Friends in Need

In view of the handicap under which the human race labors, is it not basic to relieve that handicap? And is it really very helpful to make, for the welfare of mankind, all sorts of grandiose plans that continue to

ignore that handicap? The missionaries who spread the grace of Christ to the frontiers of the world are the real rescuers of mankind. This is not to say that other forms of relief and assistance for the ills of men are not both worth while and praiseworthy; it is only to say that the other forms are partial, and that they leave the basic and most serious trouble untouched. It is good to give an alms — or even a library — to our needy brothers, but we owe them much more than that. We owe them the truth of Christ, even if we have to search every jungle on the globe in order to find them and give the truth to them. And that is exactly what the Church is endeavoring to do through its missionaries.

Unreality

She was a Communist from Chicago. Being a very frank person, and something of an idealist in her own mystical fashion, she felt no hesitation about expressing her forthright opinion.

"Some people believe in original sin," she remarked. "They suppose that there is something the matter with

Bishop Gibbons of Albany:



"In the midst of what have justly been termed our luxuries of religion, we cannot forget our obligation to provide at least the necessities of the Faith for our less-fortunate brethren in Christ. Any other attitude on our part will make us unworthy of the blessing of God and a continuance of His favors in our regard."

✠ EDMUND F. GIBBONS, D.D.

man, and that he needs a moral rehabilitation. I believe that original sin is a myth and that morality is an invention. There is nothing the matter with man as he is. All he needs is a set of conditions that give him an opportunity to be himself. Then he will solve his own problems."

Any person who could believe that, it would seem; could believe anything; and yet the opinion is one shared by immense masses of people, notwithstanding. This radical misconception is at the root of many plans to help mankind — perhaps of all such plans outside the circle of Christianity. "Man in the beginning had a nature pure and good," is the famous sentence that forms the

basis and starting point of the whole Confucian philosophy. The Chinese people have proceeded on that assumption ever since — with results that are well known.

Meanwhile, the exact opposite of this sentiment — the belief that man starts out with a nature wounded and corrupted — is the Catholic doctrine of original sin. Man needs God; we who know it must bring God to man.

THE STORY
OF
THE MONTH

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

by Julie Bedier

When Don Carlos drove the Indians from their homes, he did not know the vengeance that the boy, Pedro, was to store up for him. Here is a story with an unusual ending that contains a powerful and dramatic moral for our own times.

PEDRO was a lad of nine when he first knew what trouble was.

He had grown up from babyhood in a South American Indian village, where his mother and father lived in a small house made of earthen bricks. Around the village lay fields of wheat, which the Indians owned together. Each family had its share of the grain crop, and each had cattle — sheep and horses — that grazed on the village lands. There were always plenty of food to eat and enough garments to wear.

When Pedro was nine years old, came the time of trouble. It came from Don Carlos, the man who owned a great ranch of many thousand acres near the Indian village. Don Carlos, already very rich, wanted more land. He had thousands of head of horses and cattle; he owned mines in the mountains, where hundreds of poor Indians toiled day and night to bring out the precious metals from the earth; but he wished to become richer.

He wished to become Governor, and he thought that, if he had a great

deal more money, he could pay many people to vote for him. So Don Carlos drove the Indians away from their homes and their village, and took all the land and all the cows and horses belonging to the Indians. Pedro and his father and his mother had to leave their home at that time.

Pedro watched the sorrow in the eyes of his neighbors, as he helped drive the sheep from one pasture to another on the steep mountainsides. Cold and hunger and sorrow proved too much for Pedro's parents to bear; in a few months, his father died, and his mother's death followed a short time later.

Then Pedro made his way to the great, busy, mining town in the mountains. He went to live and work with the hundreds of men, women and children who toiled in the mines of Don Carlos. Pedro had no home, but slept where he could, in shed or alley.

One day the Senora Diaz was going down the side streets of the town with a basket of good things for a poor family. She was a rich

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woman, who spent all her time praying and doing good deeds. On that particular day, she noticed a small boy who seemed to be all eyes — eyes full of hate, looking out from a poor, thin body clothed in rags. It was Pedro.

"My poor child," said the senora, "have you no home?"

Pedro shook his head.

"What do you do all day?"

"I work in the mines."

"Oh, my poor child! I see that you have not enough food, and no clothes but rags. Come home with me. I will give you food and clothes for the love of God."

So Pedro did not go back to work in the mines any more. In the senora's home, he was very happy; and as the days passed, he told his story to the good lady.

"Don Carlos killed my father and my mother," said the boy, with hate.

"God have mercy on him!" said the senora. "There are hundreds in the town who starve while they work in that man's mines. We must pray for him, so that he will repent. We do not wish him to die and go to meet God while he has sins on his soul."

"I always said I would kill him when I should be grown up," continued Pedro.

The senora took the boy in her arms. "Oh, my poor child," she said, "you said that only because you suffered so much, and you did not know the goodness of God. Come, let us go to the chapel. We will pray for Don Carlos, and for all the poor who suffer because of his greed."

Through the kindness of Senora Diaz, Pedro was able to study the

catechism in her home, and to go out to school for lessons in other subjects. Daily he went with the good lady to Mass and received Holy Communion. God's grace was working constantly in the boy's soul, and finally he asked the senora about a hope that filled his mind and heart.

"Do you think, Little Mother," he asked, "that I might one day become a priest?"

Senora Diaz wept with joy.

"God has answered my prayers," she said. "Always, I wished to have a son who would become a priest. Now God has indeed blessed me."

So Pedro went away to the seminary to study. On the day when he became Father Pedro, the senora, white-haired and very frail, knelt in the cathedral and saw him ordained. Not many months later, she was ready to go to heaven, and her "son," Father Pedro, gave her the Last Sacraments, and promised to say Masses for her soul: This kind, rich lady left all her money to the young priest, to be used in his work for the poor Indians.

Young Father Pedro worked night and day for his people. He visited the sick and the dying at all hours. With the senora's money, he built cottages for the mine workers. He persuaded an honest young man to manage a store where the working people could buy whatever supplies they needed, at low prices. This made the managers of the mine angry, for they had always sold things to the

Indians from their own store and had charged high prices. They wrote to Don Carlos, the mine owner, who had become Governor, and urged him to get rid of the young priest.

Don Carlos promised to visit his mines, and to attend to the priest at

EVERY DAY

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pray for our benefactors, living and
dead. This is our best expression of
gratitude to you.**

that time. The managers arranged for a big celebration and parade in honor of the Governor.

On the day of the celebration, Father Pedro was busy trying to

find homes for some orphans, but a messenger rushed to him with an urgent request.

"Padre, Padre, come quick! The Governor has been shot! He is dying. He asked for a priest!"

Father Pedro hurried to the hospital. When Don Carlos opened his eyes, the priest thought he had never seen such a look of misery and despair.

The dying man screamed: "Father, Father, I am going to die! I am going to hell! All the people I have cheated — beaten — starved — they are between me and God. God will not forgive me. I am going to hell."

"Hush!" said the priest. "I promise you that God will forgive you, if you are sorry. I promise you, by the blood of Jesus Christ."

"Oh, He cannot, He cannot forgive me," moaned the man.

"Now listen!" commanded the priest firmly. "My family lived in the village in the valley. You drove us out, together with the other Indians. My father died of cold and

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hunger and sorrow. My mother starved until she died. You have killed my mother and my father. And now, listen: I forgive you. Isn't God better than man? Can not God forgive you, if I can?"

The face of Don Carlos had taken on a look of blank surprise. His terrified eyes held the priest's, inquiring, pleading.

"Are you truly sorry?"

"God knows I am sorry! Can God forgive me?"

"I will hear your confession, and God will forgive you."

So the dying rich man told his lifetime's sins to the young priest. After the confession, he sent for his lawyer and deeded back all the stolen land to the Indians. He directed that the money earned from the mines should be divided among the people who worked in them, so that the workers could have good wages and live in peace. Many dollars he allotted for churches, hospitals, schools, and libraries in the small Indian villages and the faraway sections of the mountains. Quickly he dictated and signed his will, for his time was short.

Father Pedro was with the Governor when he breathed his last, holding a crucifix pressed to his heart. Don Carlos had been wicked for a long time, but he had tried to make up for that by being very good in a short time.

As Father Pedro walked to the prison to visit the murderer of Don Carlos, these thoughts came to his mind: "God had mercy on me! Once I thought I should be that poor rich man's murderer. Instead, I am a priest, helping God's rich and poor."

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The Grab Bag

by Edward C. Youker

The excitement surrounding the lottery connected with the Irish sweepstakes is hardly greater than the keen anticipation which swept the families of our Hopingsien mission when I announced that we would have a grab bag for some donated American clothing.

The idea occurred to me when I obtained, through the Kwangtung International Relief, some used clothing and slightly spoiled oatmeal. Unfortunately, there was not much clothing: only forty-four pieces, most of them women's and in the American style. Since there were not enough garments to go around, I tried to decide on a fair means of distribution. The grab bag resulted.

The people became very much excited. Everyone wanted a garment — but not because of the American style, for no one here would dream of wearing such. The custom, observed in South China for the last few thousand years, calls for a pair of pants and a coat-like shirt. But style has little to do with usefulness. The material of the American clothes was good, and each dress taken apart would provide much cloth suitable for making children's garments. Several articles had large colored buttons, which could be sold for almost enough to buy a Chinese suit of clothes, or could be made into head ornaments for the children.

Each family was entitled to one chance for the grab bag. I put my stamp on slips of paper numbered

one to forty-four, and these, with some blank slips, were placed in a box. Whenever a family drew a slip that was stamped, they acted as if they had drawn a horse in the sweepstakes. Claiming the prizes caused joy, jokes, and blushes. There were exclamations of delight when one entrant drew a large, flowery gown. There was much laughter (and one big blush) when a husky farmer won a year-old baby's dress.

Those who did not pick numbers making them eligible for a try at the grab bag, were given consolation prizes of two pounds of oatmeal each. All the contestants were pleased and happy.



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Boots in Paradise

The Chinese
may laugh

The boots were inherited from South China GI's

BOOTS!

They are our cross and our triumph.

People stand and laugh as they see us clomping along the gummy, muddy roads. Even so, we wouldn't be without our boots in February and March, when wading through the icy river sends cold shivers through us.

"In summer, there is a bridge of planks, strung on wobbly poles across the river. But in spring the bridge is removed temporarily. The people of Siao loc have had too many bridges flooded out; they take no chance on seeing their good wood washed off to the next town, where anybody could pick it up and keep it.

"Very good; but how are we to get to Abode-of-the-Spirits Village, where the children of 200 Catholic families wait for catechism lessons? ('Abode-of-the-Spirits' is correct: there is

a large pagan temple there).

"The ferry boat can take us across the river. The banks are shallow, however — too shallow to permit the little boat to reach the shore. We look at 40 to 80 feet of February water with a cold weight on our enthusiasm. Then we thank God for our good boots, no matter how clumsy and hot they have been."

Such is the news from Old-Man's-Paradise — which is American for the Chinese name of Siao loc, a station of the Maryknoll Sisters in the Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

But Siao loc is not the only Chinese village that thinks about water. Everywhere in China the face of every farmer looks to the leaden sky.

Rain! Too much? Too little?

The Sisters are apprehensive, too. Not every Sister is equipped with heavy boots. They write from Kweilin (which in English would be Forest-of-Cinnamon-Trees):

"A vast expanse of water stretched before us as we opened the gate to walk to Mass this morning. The street was somewhere underneath. The question was, how far under?

"Bricks thrown ahead of us submerged without a ripple. There was nothing to show where they lay drowned. But big stones showed their slippery peaks above.

"So that gave us our cue. Bricks beneath, and stones on top, stepping-

stoned us safely to the high land on the other side of the street."

Another South China mission reports:

"Our Catholic neighbor and her three children accompanied us to Benediction this evening. A down-pour flooded the streets while we sang our hymns of praise to the Eucharistic King.

"We made quite a procession homeward. The mother and two Sisters, each with a child clinging on her back, hurried home through the rain. The depression in the street before our convent gate was like a lake; water above our ankles flooded the gateway."

In Kweilin boots are not available so the Sisters keep aboard the boats



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In Wuchow floods mere boots are useless but ferries pass our front gate

Two veterans of SiaoLoc are these: Sister M. Albert Venneman, of Clarence, N. Y., who has seventeen years to her credit; Sister M. Luella Veile, of Quincy, Ill., who has twelve years. What these two Sisters do in their mission may be summarized as follows:

They teach catechism every Sunday, to an average of 172 children.

Through the work of sodalists, they spread the Faith among village women. Several times a week, the Sisters instruct a class of adults in preparation for Baptism. And they find time to entertain daily five or six curious visitors, both Christian and non-Christian. Once a month they visit each of about sixty homes, some several miles from their convent.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
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Dear Sisters:

May graces flow as plentifully as the Spring rains in China! Here's \$_____ to help you.

Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as I can, I will send \$_____ a month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. Please send me a reminder; I might forget.



Life on a Charcoal Bus

There's
always room
for one more

by Joseph G. Cosgrove

The late G. K. Chesterton once wrote that one never observed a young child fretful and bored while waiting in a railroad station. The magic and mystery of bells, lights, and puffing monsters make the place a fascinating make-believe world of charm. The common charcoal-driven Chinese bus one daily sees most anywhere in China today would have enchanted Mr. Chesterton.

China's time-honored charcoal bus is not just a four-mile-an-hour, smoking, chugging, spitting, swaying, rolling junkpile, crammed with from twenty-five to thirty-five people, and supporting a superstructure piled high with bags of rice, baskets of

ducks and chickens, maybe a pig or two, and miscellaneous baggage defying description. Rather, this charcoal bus is a never-never chariot that, as the modern song writer would say, is "out of this world."

The maintenance crew of the charcoal bus usually numbers four. The driver—solemn-faced, dreamy-eyed, inscrutable—grips the wheel hard, pulls a wire here, kicks a gadget there, like an organist nursing the stops of his instrument.

At the driver's left sits a younger man, his coveralls stained with grease and mud, his hair wild and unruly. He holds in his lap a huge log of wood, which has a sort of handle hewn on one end. Every now and again when a challenging hill looms ahead, this young man darts from the bus, and then jogs along by its side, ready to thrust his block of wood behind the wheel, should the motor cough and die.

Sprawled on the right fender, is a boy of seventeen or eighteen, who holds a can of gasoline in his hand.

As the venerable engine groans heavily on a hill, this boy squirts jets of gasoline into the carburetor. If the grind and the load prove too much for the motor, the boy will shout to the driver to brake the machine to a halt. Then he will run back to the charcoal burner, which is slung on one side, stuff charcoal into the cylinder, and turn a handle to get up heat.

If the hill is long and muddy, and the passengers are obliged to get out to lighten the bus, they show no bitterness. They are simple farmer folk or small merchants who travel from city to city. If necessary, at the request of the driver all passengers lend a hand and help push the vehicle over some of the more difficult inclines:

The missionary does not buy his ticket for a charcoal-driven bus in the belief that he will reach his destination in the scheduled six hours. Rather, he selects one or two good volumes from his mission library, and then goes to the nearest peanut and cookie stalls for a supply of food, fully aware that he may reach his destination at the end of six or sixty-six hours.

Experience warns him that the bus may break out in a fit of "temperament" at the end of two hours. Or it may have some flats. It may wait a whole day by the roadside until a required part or a substitute conveyance can be brought from the nearest town. The bus may even

yield to seasonal hazards and find muddied roads in spring impassable; or, while crossing a river, it may slip off the ferry, into the water.

The mystery about traveling in one of these ancient vehicles is mainly this: no passenger can fathom what makes it go at all! The tires of the bus are literally held together by bolts and nuts — yet they stand the grind day after day. To this major mystery is added the uncertainty arising from risks with bridges, ruts, flooded areas, bandits.

In any event, the charming people with whom the missionary rides and talks make up for whatever inconvenience he may think he undergoes. The Chinese passengers do not indulge in grumbling, in fussing about time lost, or in criticisms of the bus and road conditions. They are quite resigned to whatever may arise. And if they get to their destination without having done too much walking, they consider the trip a remarkable success.

It is possible to enjoy one of these bus trips very much, if you leave your watch at home; take plenty of food, drink, and smokes; carry also a pound or two of resignation and good cheer; and wear a pleasant smile. In fact, if you are one part lunatic, one part saint, and one part poet, you will enjoy the trip far more than you would enjoy a trip in a luxurious vehicle in your own country. Truly there is never a dull moment on a Chinese charcoal bus.



Nothing does more harm to the progress of Christianity, and is more against its spirit, than race prejudice among Christians.— Jacques Maritain

The Profound Bow

Frederick J. Becka

It happened here in South China.

A middle-aged farmer went into Mary's little shop to buy some rice. His purchase came to the American equivalent of seventeen dollars, and the farmer put what he thought was four five dollar bills on the counter in payment.

Mary picked the money up and walked to her cash drawer to make change. Suddenly she turned around.

"Do you know that you have given me four ten dollar bills?" Mary asked.

The farmer stared at the lady shopkeeper in surprise. "No!" he exclaimed. "I took them hurriedly from my box."

Mary gave the man his change and

he departed. Five minutes later he walked back into the shop. Placing his rice on the counter, he scratched his head in puzzlement.

"I have been buying in the shops of this city for many years," he told Mary, "but never before has anyone treated me so honestly. If you do not object to answering my question, I would like to know why you did not take the extra money."

Mary pointed to a picture of the Blessed Mother which was hanging on the wall of the shop.

"I belong to the Lord-of-Heaven religion," she said. "People who belong to that religion do not believe in cheating others. To do so would be grave offense against the Lord of Heaven."

The farmer stared silently at Mary, thinking over what she had told him. Then a smile spread over his face and he made a profound and respectful bow.

"It must be a wonderful religion," he said in his soft, country voice, "that teaches people to be so good. I must know more of it."

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Father Garvey and some friends from the Maryknoll Agricultural School

Novena in Prison

by Jerome P. Garvey

The people of Chile have an unusually warm spot in their hearts for "the lovely Lady, whose Son was God." Even the prisoners in the local jail hold her in special affection. Recently, when the churches were holding novenas in the Lady's honor, the prisoners asked if they might have a novena of their own.

The warden of the prison granted his "guests" a half hour each day, during which they could hold their services. I was given the privilege of conducting the novena.

Because their characters are a bit on the hardened side, the prisoners had to be coaxed a little, to get them to sing the Benediction hymns. But in a short time the whole crowd was singing so loudly and properly that passers-by on the streets around the jail stopped to listen and join in! A few sermons were directed towards a proper examination of conscience. I knew I had hit the bull's eye when my hearers started to go to confession.

The warden allowed us to give a happy surprise after the novena ended. The prisoners were astounded to learn that some good women had prepared a few gifts for each individual, and that for breakfast they were to have more than the usual roll and cup of coffee.

The prisoners attributed their good fortune to their "lovely Lady." They knew their faith was well founded.



The Rhiems of Heron Market

by Michael Gaiero

I HAVEN'T BEEN in this Chinese village long, but long enough to gather a few impressions of the church and the sages of Heron Market. For a stranger, the church itself would be hard to find. It stands some distance from the road and is hidden by wild lilac, dragon-eye trees, and celery-like tufts of bamboo, which superstitious neighbors deliberately planted so that this strange edifice built by foreigners could not disturb the tranquil spirits and good luck of their homes.

Though the neighbors tried to hide it, one can see the church peeking through at them from different angles; and one can hear the voice of its bell, swinging aloft in the tiny campanile, reminding them that it is there. Moreover, the clear, sharp tones seem to indicate

that the church is determined to stay.

I came to Heron Market as a young Tobias, accompanied by two Raphaels, who saw to it that I was firmly established in my new mission. More timid than afraid, I was most grateful to the two old-timers. More and more, I have come to realize that I could not have managed without them.

But our first impression of it was a sad one. The building was not one of those graceful creations that I had been accustomed to see at home. Rather, it reminded me of one of the theaters of my boyhood days, where youngsters viewed the latest cowboy pictures for a nickel.

The former temple was broader than it was long. It had high, dusty walls, borders of fantastic creatures and various weird patterns. A glaring

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colored window with no particular design, sheds its rays on a coffin-shaped altar. A low balcony, supported by garish red, white, blue, and yellow columns, hung above the lower floor, making the place beneath it gloomy and damp. Visiting missionaries used to laugh and make uncomplimentary remarks about the church of Heron Market. Usually I agreed with them, and often I added disparaging remarks of my own. The Chinese have a saying, "A gold house, or a silver house, is not equal to a dog's house." In other words, "There's no place like home." Heron Market was not home to me then.

Strange is the origin of some ideas, but stranger sometimes is the manner of their fulfillment. When the school term began, boarders at the mission were many, but beds were few. We had no money to buy beds, and no immediate hope of receiving any. Then an idea came to me during Mass one morning. Perhaps it was a distraction — but I think of it as an actual grace.

As I turned to say, "Dominus vobiscum," my eyes for a fleeting

instant were fixed on the striped barber poles supporting the gallery. From that moment, poles and gallery were doomed to destruction. There were our beds for the taking!

I did not wait long to execute the plans. Immediately after breakfast, pastor, teachers, pupils, and even our Chinese Sisters, armed with any available implements, stormed the

ramparts — which soon fell before our united attack. In one mighty swoop, we accomplished two ends: the renovation of the church, and the provision of beds for our school.

Instead of the gallery, on each side of the Church we left a narrow balcony supported by stout trees. Later we varnished the trees with chimney black and tung oil, and from a distance the effect is that of polished marble. Encouraged by our first success, we undertook more improvements. We scraped and repainted the altar; we reassembled the glass of the colored window, arranging it in the form of a cross; we whitewashed the towering walls.

Clerical visitors still make disparaging remarks about our church. We don't blame them. To them the altar looks like a coffin — because they don't know about the labor of love that washed and scraped years of paint from its surface to give it that black-marble finish.

The building no longer reminds me of a nickelodeon. I have heard those walls resound with the melodious chant of old and young Chris-

Maryknoll makes it a practice to acknowledge all mail as soon as possible after it has been received. If any of your letters have not been acknowledged by us, may we ask you to let us know?

tians. I have seen those stalwart walls standing like guardians around the devout congregation. I have seen the rays of

the sun passing through colored glass, lighting up hundreds of Chinese faces, as voices blended in a daily litany of love to the Creator. Yes, to me there was a change. The mission at Heron Market has become my home, and the church is now my "Rheims."

The Maryknoll Roundup

Sight without Glasses. Tyro missionary, Father Leo McCarthy, of Millis, Mass., was traveling aboard a Chinese junk to his new mission. On the first morning out, Father Leo was shaving on deck. When he finished, he couldn't find his glasses, which he had set down on an oil drum. He recalls: "I looked every-



Father McCarthy

where. I noticed a Chinese sitting on the deck near the oil drum, and reading through a pair of glasses, but I didn't give him a second thought. After ten minutes of futile searching, Father Gaiero, who can speak Chinese, asked the man if the glasses were his. He looked up, said, 'No,' and handed Father Mike the glasses — remarking that he could read better without them, anyway."

"Doctor" Collins. There was a sudden rush of business the day Boston's Father William Collins took over



Father Collins

dispensary duties at Nyegina, Africa. "Everyone wanted to try out the new doctor," he writes. "It was very amusing to see the older people describing their ailments — grabbing stomach, or head, or ears, and groaning. The climax came when a man arrived with a chicken. I knew

what that meant — a tooth to be pulled. The man had been suffering so much that he was willing to try even me. I grabbed the pliers as if it was a daily affair. The man pointed out the tooth to make sure I got the right one. I took hold and gave it the old one-two in true dentist's style."

Bolivian Rush Hour. Down in La Paz, Bolivia, there are only fifty busses to serve 350,000 people. If New Yorkers think that their subway rush hour is bad, they should try to board

one of these rickety busses, which are built to accommodate thirty people. Father James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia, who is pastor of an Indian parish outside La



Father Flaherty

Paz, reports that a baby carried on the back of its mother was smothered and crushed to death, on the bus that runs up to this parish. "The wonder is," says Father Flaherty, "that such an accident never happened before."

Half a Roof. When Maryknoll takes over a new Peruvian mission station, it is customary to take inventory. Recently Father Kiernan sent Fathers Donald Cleary (of Newark) and Robert Kearns (of the Bronx) to a new parish. Adding up everything the priests found: one church with one half a roof; one altar, one broken

confessional, parts of one organ, one broken vestment case, one set of unusable vestments, part of one silver candlestick, one armless crucifix.

Waste Nothing. Everything has value in China. Father William Kupfer, of Flushing, N. Y., knows this well.

"The last few days I have been opening some UNRRA boxes," he writes, "and came across such items as paper drinking cups, pins, and small, empty, cardboard boxes. I decided to hand them out to the youngsters who play about the mission. Now I am being mobbed by children who ask for tea cups (paper cups), buckle pins (safety pins), and paper boxes. Pictures torn from magazines from home are in great demand. The other day my gatekeeper took twenty broken medicine bottles and sold the glass to someone he met on the street."

Father Kupfer



Strange World. Father Raymond J. Bonner, using a peculiar mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, spent an

hour in Bolivia teaching a school team how to put "english" on a basketball . . . In Chile, influential Father James F. McNiff, at a family's request, got a sick young miss into the hospital. "Operation!" said the M.D. The family wavering, took the girl home. They told the Padre: "The doctor is your friend. If she gets worse, you can get her readmitted."

Peck's Bad Boy. Down in the Bolivian jungle, Father Thomas P. Collins, of San Francisco, has an altar boy named Marcilino who is quite a problem child. Marcilino has a great knack for mischief. When there is a fight in the vicinity, you can be sure Marcilino is one of the contestants. When someone is getting a flogging from the teacher, you can take it for granted that it is Marcilino. Somebody yelling his head off? Marcilino. Somebody being chased? Marcilino. His mother is at her wit's end. His teacher says the boy is impossible. And what does Marcilino want to be when he grows up? You've guessed it. A Padre!

Father Collins



OUR NEIGHBORS of the ANDES

□ 50¢

A study of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador — a region of vivid contrasts, of palaces and adobe huts. Illustrated.

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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

A Mule that Drinks Gasoline — that is, a jeep — fleet, nimble, able to get about on bad roads, carrying missionaries and their heavy burdens — is what we need at Calacala, in Bolivia. The local cost is \$900, but this would be saved yearly in freight and like charges.

Father Zemalkowski Needs a Windmill to pump water and supply light and power for his mission in Ercilla, Chile. The price is \$500. May he have a windmill?

Darkness Cannot Replace Altar Candles. In Africa, \$30 pays for a year's supply of altar candles for one mission. Can you — will you — spare \$30?

Stretch His Legs! Father Hahn, in China, teaches at Canton University and also serves his mission, which is twenty miles away. If he were Superman, able to stride a mile at a step, his task would be easy. As he is not, the only possible solution seems to be a motorcycle, costing \$210, which will help him get over the ground as fast as he must. Will some good friend provide one?

Long Ears. Father Rickert, of Chile, needs a mule, for use on the mission farm. The animal will cost \$50, but it will save more than its cost in the next year. Has this missionary some good friend willing to finance the purchase?

Vestments, to cost \$25 a set, are required for Maryknoll Seminary. Contributions to buy them will be appreciated.

A Chance to Live — that is what you give, when you help provide a free clinic for Guatemala's youngsters. Father Allie needs \$500 to establish a clinic, to keep the babies from dying.

Host Irons are used in preparing hosts for Mass. The irons belonging to Father Fedder's church in China were stolen during the war; new ones, with flour for a year's supply of hosts, will cost \$65.

They Need Needles. A room with a sewing machine, a phonograph, comfortable chairs and tables, good books and magazines, would make their world a better place for neglected girls of Guayaquil, Ecuador. To equip such a girls' club will cost \$300. What better use for money?



Rosaries for Korea. Father Booth and Father Chisholm need about fifty Rosaries, costing 20c each. These Rosaries will be used for a people who are behind the

Russian line, in an area that the Church has not been able to reach for many years.

Spring Fashions, 98c. For less than \$1 each, we can completely clothe a poor child in China, where many of our youngsters are in desperate need of something to wear. Please help them!

Small Scale Request. Wanted, one small scale for weighing babies at the Maryknoll clinic, Temuco mission, Chile; also a small bathtub for washing the babies. Total cost, \$10. Gratitude unlimited!

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Requests from our LATIN AMERICAN MISSIONS

Bolivia

Cochabamba	medical work	\$200
La Paz	Mass wine	50
Pando	outboard	
	motor	200
Santa Cruz	tabernacle	150

Chile

Chillan	new chapel	\$500
Talca	altar linens	25
Temuco	chapel car	1500
Santiago	church benches	50



Guatemala

Ecuador		Huehuetenango	baby clinic	\$1200
Guayaquil	monstrance	Ixtahuacan	industrial	
	stations of Cross		school	750
	altar candles	Jacaltenango	church	
			repairs	350

Peru

Puno	education for semin-	
	arian for one year	\$150
	statues (each)	80
	catechists (monthly)	15

Central America

Dispensary	\$350
Chapel furnishing	150
Confessional	50
Mass candlesticks	15

When making your will, remember Maryknoll's legal title is Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. Send for the free booklet, **The Making of a Catholic Will.**

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



MISSIONER'S FRIEND. The horse can truly be called the missionary's friend. The majority of our missionaries must use a horse to reach their scattered Christians. (Above) Father James McNiff makes his rounds in Chile.

